



The Ills of Women Act upon the Nerves like a Firebrand.

The relation of woman's nerves and generative organs is very close; consequently nine tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability of women arise from derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Herein we prove conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will quickly relieve all this trouble.

Details of a Severe Case Cured in Eau Claire, Wis.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been ailing from female trouble for the past five years. About a month ago I was taken with nervous prostration, accompanied at certain times before menstruation with fearful headaches. I read one of your books, and finding many testimonials of the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, experienced by lady sufferers, I commenced its use and am happy to state that after using a few bottles I feel like a new woman, aches and pains all gone. I am recommending your medicine to many of my friends, and I assure you that you have my hearty thanks for your valuable preparation which has done so much good. I trust all suffering women will use your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. MRS. TRACY, 630 First Ave., Eau Claire, Wis. (May 28, 1901).

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it soothes, strengthens, heals and tones up the delicate female organism. It is a positive cure for all kinds of female complaints; that bearing down feeling, backache, displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and is invaluable during the change of life, all of which may help to cause nervous prostration.

Read what Mrs. Day says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I will write you a few lines to let you know of the benefit I have received from taking your remedies. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, backache, sick headache, painful menstruation, pain in the stomach after eating, and constipation. I often thought I would lose my mind. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon feeling like a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly. It does all that it is recommended to do, and more. I hope that every one who suffers as I did will give Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies a trial."—MRS. MARY DAY, Eleanor, Pa. (March 23, 1901).

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women to write to her for advice. You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Another Case of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Allow me to express to you the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I started to take it I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I could not sleep nights, and I suffered dreadfully from indigestion and headache. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful medicine, and began its use, which immediately restored my health."—MRS. BERTHA E. DEBRINK, 25 1/2 Laidlaw St., San Francisco, Cal. (May 21, 1901).

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" BLACK POWDER SHELLS.
It's the thoroughly modern and scientific system of loading and the use of only the best materials which make Winchester Factory Loaded "New Rival" Shells give better pattern, penetration and more uniform results generally than any other shells. The special paper and the Winchester patent corrugated head used in making "New Rival" shells give them strength to withstand reloading.
BE SURE TO GET WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS.

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MADE BY
CONTINENTAL GIN CO.
Birmingham, Ala.
ENGINES and BOILERS
Send for new catalogue just issued.

WORMS

"I wrote to let you know how I appreciate your Cascarets. I took two ten cent boxes and passed a paper. I am feeling better than I have for a long time. I had a headache, a cough, and a sore throat. I took your Cascarets and in a few days I was all right. I am recommending them to all my friends."—Wm. F. Brown, 18 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cascarets

Best For the Bowels
CANDY CATHARTIC
"I write to let you know how I appreciate your Cascarets. I took two ten cent boxes and passed a paper. I am feeling better than I have for a long time. I had a headache, a cough, and a sore throat. I took your Cascarets and in a few days I was all right. I am recommending them to all my friends."—Wm. F. Brown, 18 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NICEST, CLEANEST, MOST DESIRABLE LAXATIVE

For family use.
"Once tried always used when needed."
60c and 91c at Druggists.
The Laxative Co., New York

Dropsy

Removes all swelling in 3 to 5 days.
"I have been suffering from dropsy for several years. I tried many remedies but nothing helped. I then tried your dropsy medicine and in three days the swelling was gone. I am recommending it to all my friends."—Chas. A. Foster, 1114 1/2 St., New York.

FREE ST. ART'S WORM GIL and BUCHU

To all who suffer or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, Liver, Head, Bladder or Blood Disease, a sample bottle of St. Art's Worm Gil and Buchu is sent absolutely free of charge. Write for it at once. Address: ST. ART'S DRUG CO., 28 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Do You Want Your Money TO EARN 7% INTEREST PER ANNUM?

Write me for particulars of a safe, secure investment. I am offering seven per cent. on amounts of one hundred dollars or more. **H. H. HONK, York, Penna.**

CANCER CURED WITHOUT CUTTING

A New Vegetable Remedy. Guaranteed in Every Case Treated. **CANCER MEDICINE COMPANY, Building, Atlanta, Ga.**

A CHANGE OF REMEDY.

FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.
A Glimpse of the Sultan as He Rides in State.

If you wish for a glimpse, and that but a momentary one, of the Sultan of Turkey, then drive to Yildiz Kiosk, for the day is Friday and he goes to the Seraglio, as his fathers did before him. He is enveloped in a cloud of ministers and military guards, who are anxious only as they press around, to protect him from the faintest whisper or suspicion of any storm outside his palace walls. Today the sun is distinctly warm, and wakes up the color sleeping in a red fez, blue tunic or feathered cloak of a Turkish woman. The clock on the gate strikes half-past 7—the Mohammedan's day begins at sunset—and the pick of their cavalry, infantry and artillery take up positions to right and left of the road. A rattle and rumble of heavy wheels, and up the hill come 15 or 20 carriages filled with gold, which quickly carpets the dusty road. To see this done with such lightning speed makes one wonder whether the Sultan knows how filthy dirty are the streets of his capital. This is the more unlikely as he only quits his palace twice a year, and on both occasions this dust-throwing performance takes place along the route of Stamboul, where stands the mosque of San Sofia.

All eyes are now turned toward the palace, for the ladies of the harem are approaching in close carriages drawn by gray horses. They enter the gates of the enclosure in front of the mosque, the horses are taken out and recede there under the charge of a coal-black eunuch, taking no further part in the ceremony. Seated in one of the carriages is a fair-haired girl about five years old—the Sultan's only daughter. Just a brief pause and then the bugle sounds, and a tremendous roar goes up from the thousands of troops and people, for his Highness has left the palace. On top of the minaret of the mosque a priest leans over and shouts down a prayer, which is answered again by a prayer.

We Franks are accommodated in a portion of the palace just opposite the gates, which commands an excellent view of the whole proceedings, as well as the Sultan's yacht, the *Bosphor*, which lies at anchor in the Bosphorus below. In solemn state and grandeur the royal procession passes. The Sultan is dressed in plain military frock coat, with fez. His four sons, to all appearance of the same age, mounted on Arab ponies, salute as he passes the gates, the band at the same time striking up the Sultan's march, which has a smart tip-tap air about it. Officers and men alike salute, and the service in the mosque commences—Golden Penny.

His Blackstonian Circumlocution.
"I received, this afternoon," said the bright-eyed, common-sense girl, the while a slight blush of maidenly coyness tinted her pink-hued cheeks, "a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Pookelung, the rising young attorney, and,—" "Huh! that pertified du!" jealously ejaculated the young dry goods dealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive adoration. "He says," proceeded the maiden, gently ignoring the interruption, and reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comprehensively analyzed my feelings towards you, and the result is substantially as follows: I respect, admire, adore and love you, and hereby give, grant and convey to you my heart and all my interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my possessions and emoluments, either now, inherited or in any manner to come, acquired, gained, anticipated or expected, with full and complete power use, enjoy, vend, utilize, give away, bestow or otherwise make use of the same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood, in or by my previous condition, standing, walk, attitude or action, to the contrary notwithstanding; and I—" "I—!" fairly shouted the listener, springing to his feet, and extending his arms. "Miss Brisk—Maud—I love you! Will you marry me?" "Yes, I will!" promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of that pedantic procrustian with one expressive slangism, 'Nit!' I am yours, Clarence."—June Smart Set.

"I don't know," replied that worthy, gingerly moving his injured foot on the gravel. "It doesn't do to carry these things, not to mention my getting properly cured while you're about it. Sprains is awkward things." Mrs. Willet interposed at this point and insisted on the invalid returning indoors, so the party broke up, Joe Rogers and others adjourning to the Pig and Whistle to discuss the advantages of a wife who understands and takes a practical interest in the gentle art of nursing. Two days later Joe Rogers fell a victim, his right knee giving away altogether, rendering walking evidently a painful and dangerous undertaking. Mrs. Rogers, full of the new responsibility now resting upon her, sought an interview with Mrs. Willet, and the two went off together to hold a consultation over the injured and apparently suffering Joe. Similar treatment being meted out to the new invalid, the two conversed amiably over the hedge that divided the gardens, comparing symptoms, and receiving in state numerous interested friends during the evening.

Misfortunes never come singly, and had the invalids suffered from scarlet fever infection could not have spread more quickly. William Jones was the next to fall a victim; and he broke his arm in an attempt to quiet a restive horse that seemed to take a sudden antipathy to harness and work in general. Then Jim Robinson sprained his wrist, which rendered his attention to work, which was of a manual nature, absolutely impossible. From these it spread yet farther, the pain attendant on the several accidents rendering a free use of stimulants a necessity for the maintenance of the sufferers' bodily health.

In spite of such careful attention the patients progressed very slowly, and after the first burst of enthusiasm was over the new responsibility now resting on them. The result of their treatment, as it from their instructor, who, undeterred to personally examine their patients, only added to this dissatisfaction, and they met together to consult as to the advisability of a change of remedy. Mrs. Willet was not feigning so well when his wife returned after this discussion; there was a look in her eye that warned him to be careful if he desired to keep things pleasant. "Why," are you going to see your

foot again?" she asked, as she removed her bonnet. "I'd like to use it now, if it wasn't so painful. I don't understand 'ow it is it doesn't get on quicker. I suppose I'm weak, that's what it is," he answered resignedly, looking anxiously out of the corners of his eyes at his wife, who was doing a rough and ready toilet in front of the parlor mirror. "You've got to be very weak," answered his wife, looking at him. "Look at the nourishment you've had; besides, everybody says you're looking so well. 'Ow do you feel now?" Mr. Willet inwardly wished everybody would pay less attention to his personal appearance. He had been quietly enjoying the last few days, and would like to continue in the same condition a little longer.

"I've felt a little faint while you've been out," he said, feebly. "I'd 'ave liked a little tonic, only I couldn't move out of my chair; it's up's its not too late now." Mrs. Willet murmured something her husband did not catch, and looked anxious. "And 'ow's the foot?" she inquired. Mr. Willet looked down upon it, and as it was swathed with many thicknesses of bandages, and there being nothing else to say about it, he remarked that it felt hot.

"I've been treating you wrong, I'm afraid," she said. "You've been sitting up too long in your low state. I'll take your temperature." Bringing out a small glass tube, Mr. Willet was commanded to place it under his tongue and not to speak until it was removed. It being an impossibility to do otherwise than obey, Mr. Willet remained silent for the longest four minutes he could remember. Mrs. Willet then removed the instrument of torture, took it to the light, and examined it long and closely; finally she shut it up in its case and returned it to her pocket. "I'll go and get your bed ready," she remarked seriously. "You want to be kept quiet; you'll be better up there." "I don't want to go to bed," said Mr. Willet, anxiously. "I'm very comfortable down here." "You'll go where it's best for you," answered his wife sharply. "You'd better be getting yourself ready now; I shan't be more than a few moments upstairs." In a very unwilling state of mind Mr. Willet was undressed, and placed safely in bed at the unusual and, to him, unpleasant hour of six o'clock, and a sunny evening into the bargain. Being left to himself he found it a dreary time, and in the morning he screw'd up his courage to inquire after the other invalids.

continued, leaning over the end of the bed and looking at Sam. "Foot still bad?" "No worse than you knee, I suppose," Mr. Willet growled in response. "Ow can I get up? The wife won't let me." "No more will mine, but I've done it. She's gone out shoppin'. I'm sick of nursing." "Ow can I get up without making an ass of myself?" returned Sam, bitterly. "I don't want the wife to know as I've been playin' the fool." Joe gasped and looked at Sam with an ignorance of the situation. "Well, bless me," he said. "You don't mean to tell me you think she doesn't know it. Wot do you take her for? I thought you'd have guessed after last night." Any doubts as to Mr. Willet's condition would have been at once dispelled had those who questioned it been present after this remark. Throwing the bedclothes violently off the bed, and regardless of sprains and bandages, he sprang to his feet. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Only that we've been made fools of," answered Joe, with a laugh. "Puttin' us to bed and out at job: and last night, too. Regular put-er-rot to make us mad." Mr. Willet was a reserved man as a rule, but his language was of a forcible nature as the facts dawned upon him as to their fullness. "Help me to take off these infernal bandages," he said, when he had finished his criticism of the whole proceeding. "Ow did you find out?" "Guessed it partly," said Joe, as he assisted Sam out of an entanglement he was getting hopelessly involved in. "Bill Morgan told me the rest. 'E always did give secrets away when 'e'd a drink or two. I don't think they'd be as keen on first aid, though, after this."

There was consolation in this thought, and having no fear of dislodging his wife as the deceitfulness of his character. Mr. Willet dressed with alacrity and sallied out once more into the sunshine, his movements in no way affected by his recent accident. Recovery had been rapid in other quarters, and the late crippled joined forces in restoring the fallen spirits once more in the congenial surroundings of the Pig and Whistle. The glimmer surrounding the duties and pleasure of nursing was destroyed somewhat after this in Fodale; and if afterwards it was necessary for any to indulge in that particular employment, the person concerned was careful not to prescribe for her patient in public.—Tit-Bits.

AN AID TO MEMORY.
Sloppy and idle, doctor, if you will, I wish you would give me something to help my memory. I forget so easily. Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a bill every month.—Baltimore American.

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MRS. LULU LARKER.
Mrs. Lulu Larker, Stoughton, Wis.

"For two years I suffered with nervous trouble and stomach disorders until it seemed that there was nothing to me but a bundle of nerves. I was very irritable, could not sleep, rest or compose myself, and was certainly unfit to take care of a household. I took nerve tonics and pills without benefit. When I began taking Peruna I grew steadily better, my nerves grew stronger, my rest was no longer fitful, and to-day I consider myself in perfect health and strength. My recovery was slow but sure, but I persevered and was rewarded by perfect health."—Mrs. Lulu Larker.
Mrs. Anna B. Fiehart, recent Superintendent of the W. C. T. U. headquarters at Galesburg, Ill., was for ten years one of the leading women there. Her husband, when living, was first President of the Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln, Neb. In a letter written from 401 Sixty-seventh street, W. Chicago, Ill., she says: "I would not be without Peruna for ten times its cost."—Mrs. Anna B. Fiehart.
"Health and Beauty," a book written by Dr. Hartman, on the phases of catarrh of the leading women there. It is free by the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

BLOOD HUMOURS
Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Hair Humours,
Whether Simple Scrofulous or Hereditary
Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills.
Complete External and Internal Treatment, One Dollar.

In the treatment of torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humours, such as bad blood, scrofula, inherited and contagious humours, sore eyes, copper-coloured blotches, as well as boils, carbuncles, scurvy, sties, ulcers and sores arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, yield to the Cuticura treatment, when all other remedies fail.
And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disgusting humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for all blood and blood impurities, and childhood humours, milk crust, scalled head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infants and childhood. It is a safe, speedy and economical cure when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.
Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies, 50c (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 10c per box of 50), sent free by mail. Cuticura Remedies, 50c (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 10c per box of 50), sent free by mail. Cuticura Remedies, 50c (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 10c per box of 50), sent free by mail.

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"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benome, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.
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Cooling as a hot day shower on a hot day.
Sole everywhere or by mail for 25 cents. A package makes five bottles.
CHARLES F. HIRTS, Hires, Pa.

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CURED without any disagreeable results by a dose or two of
At All Drug Stores. **CAPUDINE** (Liquid)



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